

Telegraphs, Your First Love Is Dead

Standing in the window
Watching all the streetlights burn
You're cutting hearts from paper
Waiting for your love's return
She's dancing in the backstreets
And the pavement wolves are out for blood
You're spinning on your axis
Staring at the stars above
Now do you understand that your heart has a half-life
And all your enemies are outside listening
You see nothing in their eyes, no surprise
Your first love is dead
In between the frames of you
I'm trying to find out what is true
So turn the lights out

[x3]

'Cause your first love is dead
Now you understand that your heart has a half-life
And all your enemies are outside listening
You see nothing in their eyes, no surprise
Your first love is dead